

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	12
One insertion	\$1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	12
One month	2	4	6	7	11	14	18	25	35
Two months	5	7	9	11	14	19	23	30	43
Three months	6	9	12	17	25	35	49	69	100
Six months	8	12	17	25	40	50	69	98	140
One year	12	18	25	35	50	69	98	140	200

Advertisements ordered for less than one month will be charged fifty cents per square for each insertion after the first. Special notices 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 12 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Marriages and death's inscribed gratuitously. Obituary notices ten cents per line.

The privileges extended to annual advertisers will be strictly confined to their own business, and advertisements occupying more space than contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the particular business of the contracting parties, will be charged for extra, at our published rates.

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

NUMBER 51.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

Select Poetry.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY RICHARD COX, JR.

When we gather round our hearth,
Consecrated by the birth
Of our eldest, darling boy,
Only one thing mors our joy;
Tis the dreary corner, where
Stands, unfilled, the vacant chair.

But twere sinful to repine,
Much of joy 'tis me and mine
Has the gentle Shepherd given.

Little Mary is in heaven!

Blessed thought! while gazing where
Sands, unfilled, the vacant chair.

Many parents, kind and good,
Lost to them their little brood;

Bless their Maker night and day,

Though he took their all away!

Shall we, therefore, murmur, where
Stands, unfilled, the vacant chair?

Little Mary angel blest,
From thy blissful place of rest,

Look upon us! angel child!

Fill up with thy spirit mild,

Help o'er us thy watchful care;

Often fill the vacant chair.

Miscellaneous.

[For Kentucky Gazette.]
Good for Rheumatiz, or Uncle Dan's
Salpür Bath.

BY DR. COX.

In one of the mountain counties of Eastern Kentucky resided, not many years since, a queer genius, by the name of Daniel Douthit, or, as he was more familiarly called, "Uncle Dan Douty."

Uncle Dan, in his youth, was said to be a rare rolicking chap, fond of fun and good whisky, but as years crowded upon him, and the frosts of many winters whitened his locks, he became immensely pious, attached himself to that branch of the old church known as Hardshells or Iron jackets, and essayed to lead in prayer at monthly meetings, and to exert from the pulpit, as occasion required.

In person, he was tall, raw-boned, and stoop-shouldered, with immense feet and hands to match. He walked with a shuffling gait, and seemed to get over ground very laboriously—in fact, walking was, as he expressed it, one of his greatest woes.

Uncle Dan was an invalid, and had studied his earthly case in connection with Dr. Gurney's Domestic Medicine until he became a monomaniac upon bath subjects.

Rheumatism was the particular form of his disease, and, to eradicate this from his system at once and forever, he had learned from Dr. Gurney that nothing was equal to a good "salpür bath."

Most unfortunately for our hero, he chose a bright Sabbath day; in the month of June, to experiment, and that too, the Sabbath of an awfully meeting, which was held about one mile in his residence.

Having resolved upon the trial, Uncle Dan waited patiently until every member of his household had gone to meeting, and then commenced his preparation for the bath. He first prepared a large hogback, or cask, open at one end; this he placed upright, and having prepared a large quantity of sulphur matches, he proceeded to clamber into the cask. He had provided him with a blanket to cover over the mouth of the cask, and thereby prevent the fumes of the burning sulphur from suffocating him. Everything being in readiness, Uncle Dan lit his matches, and then endeavored to draw the blanket so as to prevent the fumes of sulphur from reaching his affections, but, alas! he was unable to do this, and was upon the verge of suffocation, when, in a frantic effort to escape from the cask, he was overturned, and rolled down a great declivity, carrying the unfortunate occupant with it. The cask had rolled but a few rods, when it plumped against a beestand, upsetting it, and setting at liberty about half bushel of enraged bees, and all of them, with the greatest unanimity, began paying their respects to Uncle Dan, who, being in a state of perfect nudity, was highly vulnerable to their polite attentions. With commendable promptitude he leaped from the cask, and commenced a bee-line towards a pond in a meadow, about a quarter of a mile distant. We have often heard of people making a blue streak, but Uncle Dan made a black streak; as far, literally black with raging, buzzing, stinging bees, about half gallon of which had succeeded in alighting upon him, and the remainder of the swarm was close upon him. He could hear the "unsanctified brutes," as he eve-

the air, like so many rifle balls. On they went, through the garden, over fences, down the hill, Uncle Dan all the while taking most frantic leaps, and slapping the air with his hands in his unavailing efforts to free himself of his tormentors.

The pond in the meadow was now his only hope, and this would be soon reached; but, alas! here a fresh difficulty arose. He had to pass a herd of cattle on his flight across the meadow.

A poor tail, thinking, no doubt, that Uncle Dan and the bees was a strange animal invading his peaceful domain, immediately gave chase. About a quart of bees failing to overtake Uncle Dan now settled upon the tail, and gnawed him to fury. He lashed his sides with his tail, and roared with rage and agony, and resembled like efforts to overtake the fugitive. Uncle Dan seeing that all was lost, and the bull gaining on him rapidly, ascended an apple-tree, with a celerity surprising to one of his years. Here, with the bees swarming around his foot, and the bull pawing the earth, and bellowing fiercely beneath the tree, Uncle Dan maintained a "masterly inactivity," to his own words, "playin' on 'nussin' by turns," till he couldn't tell which he did last.

Fortunately, the congregation returning from church, passed near the meadow, and recognizing Uncle Dan's voice, came to his relief, chased away his enemies, and carried him home, where he lived many years afterwards, but was never known to complain of rheumatism, having, as he expressly stated, a "cure."

The prison was filled with hot air.—When I had got warmed up sufficiently to prepare me for a still warmer temperature, they took me where it was—into a marble room, wet, slippery, and steamy, and laid me out on a raised platform in the center. It was very warm. Presently my man sat me down by a tank of hot water, drenched me well, glazed his hand with a coat of linseed, and began to pull off my meat all over with it. I began to smell disagreeably. The more he pulled the worse I smelt. It was alarming. I said to him: I perceive that I am pretty far gone. It is plain that I ought to be buried without any unnecessary delay. Perhaps you had better go after my friends at once, because the weather is warm, and I cannot sleep long." He went on scolding, and paid no attention. I soon saw that he was reducing my size. He bore hard on my mitre, and under it rolled fat cylinders, like macaroni. It could not be hid, for it was too white. He paraded me down in this way for a long time. Finally I said, "It is a tedious process; it will take hours to get to the size you want me. I will wait; go and borrow a pair of shears, and cut off what I have left."

After a while he brought a basin, some soap, and something that seemed to be the tail of a horse. He bent up a prodigious quantity of soap suds, and deluged me with them from head to foot, without warning me to shut my eyes, and then swabbed me viciously with the hot tail.

Then he laid me there a statue of snowy plaster, and went away. When I got tired of waiting, I went and hunted him up.—He was propped against the wall, in another room asleep. I woke him. He was not disconcerted. He took me back and doused me with exhaustingly hot water, then unlashed my head, swathed me with dry tablecloths, and conducted me to a tiered chen-coop in one of the gallies, and pointed to one of those Arkansas beds, I mounted it, and vaguely expected the odors of Araby again. They did not come.

That was the picture, just as I got it from incendiary books of travel. It was a poor miserable fraud. The reality is no more like it than the Five points are like the Garden of Eden. They received me in a great court, paved with marble slabs; around it were broad galleries, one above another, carpeted with soft matting, railled with unpainted balustrades, and furnished with huge rickety chairs, cushioned with rusty old mattresses inlaid with impressions left by the forms of nine successive generations of men who had repast upon them. The place was vast, naked, dreary; its court a barn, its galleries stalls for human horses. The elaborate hall unbroads that served in the establishment had nothing about it of that oriental voluptuousness one reads of so much. It was much more suggestive of the county hospital than anything else. The skinny writer brought a maphiti, and I got him to take it out again without wasting any time about it. Then he brought the world-known Turkish coffee that poets have sung so tapetiously for so many generations, and I sized upon it as the last hope that was left of my old dreams of eastern luxury. It was another swindle. Of all the unchristian beverages that ever passed my lips, Turkish coffee is the worst. The cup is smeared with ground; the coffee is black, thick, insipid, of small, and execrable taste. The bottom of the cup has a muddy sediment in it half an inch deep. This goes down your throat, and portions of it lodges by the way and produces a tickling aggravation that keeps you barking and coughing for an hour.

Here I left my experience of the celebrated Turkish bath, and here also ended my dream of the bliss and the mortal revelry in which passes through it. It is a malignant swindle. The man who enjoys it is qualified to enjoy anything that is repulsive to sight or sense, and he that can digest it with the charm of poetry is able to do the same with anything else in the world that is tedious, and wicked, and dismal, and nasty.

Suicide by drinking water by which the chemical composition on the ends of matches dangled uncomfortably by the straps when I lifted up my feet, and came down in awkward and unexpected places when I put them on the floor again, and sometimes turned sideways and wrenched my ankles out of joint. However, it was Paris.

[From the Farmers' Home Journal.]
How to Render Girls Independent

In these revolutionary times every farmer, who is the father of one or more daughters, as he looks forward to the uncertain future must feel more or less solicitude as to what is to be their destiny in life. Even if he is blessed with wealth to bestow upon them at his death and to support them whilst he lives, he knows not but that some reckless fortune hunter may entice them into marriage, and squander it in a few years, and leave them with a family of little children to struggle with poverty and its attendant neglect. Secure the fortune to them as he may, by bonds and title-deeds, he can not prevent it from taking wings and flying away, at the very moment when they most need it.

The country is so full of recklessness, dissipated young men, with fair speech and winning behavior, seeking to impress upon innocent and unsuspecting females, that no thoughtful father can hide his eyes from the evils to which his daughters are likely in this way exposed.

The question most force itself upon his mind—how can I make my daughters independent? How can I best prepare them to meet an emergency which I know is likely to arise in the future, and which I see has actually arisen in hundreds of cases around me? It is to direct the minds of your readers to one of the modes of preparing to meet this difficulty that I now write in your columns, Messrs. Editor—

My remedy is to train your daughters that they will be able to support themselves, if thrown upon their own resources. The habit, among the higher classes in Kentucky, and further South, hitherto, has been to educate daughters as if they were to do nothing towards their own support. Hence when thrown upon their own resources, in after life, many of them are perfectly helpless. Surely such a state of things ought not to be. The avocations thrown open to women in the South have been entirely tee few. They may conduct a farm, keep a boarding house, a milliner's shop, and teach school, and that is about all. I see no good reason why the list of avocations in which a woman might possibly engage herself, might not be indefinitely extended. Why may she not sell goods, set type, keep books, edit newspapers, keep telegraph office, and pursue a hundred other occupations equally feminine. I see no reason in the world why she may not be a widow, engaged in a trade, or a business, or a profession, which might not be indefinitely extended.

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It is a malignant swindle. The man who enjoys

to adorn any position in society she may be called to fill.

I received a letter, a few days since, from the wife of a member of Congress, which had twenty-two words misspelled in double the number of lines. What a figure must she cut in Washington! Had her father trained her for a teacher, how much mortification would it have saved her.

I am not a Northern man, but they have one custom that I wish I could see introduced amongst us. Where the father is in moderate pecuniary condition, in educating the oldest boy and girl thoroughly, and then sets them to work to educate their younger brothers and sisters by teaching them and sending them to good schools. In this way the whole family is educated. Why might it not be amongst us? In this way if a man has a dozen daughters, they can all be educated thoroughly, simply by his educating the eldest and making her educate the second and the second the third, and so on to the end. Then if any of them marry unfortunately, or do not marry at all, they are in dependent. They can always make a good living wherever they go.

Farmers of Kentucky, think of these things, and educate your daughters thoroughly if you can do nothing else for them. A. T. COX, M.D.

George Whitefield.

Henry Vincent writes from Newburyport, Mass., to an English paper of Geo. Whitefield's remains:

"Geo. Sat created the greatest interest in the fact that George Whitefield, a slender lad there, from an attack of asthma on the 30th of September, 1770. I thought it strange that the great Nonconformist was buried in the First Presbyterian church. It appears, however, that it was contrary to the law of Massachusetts for two Congregational churches to be formed in the same town, so the brethren who set up the second church, under the patronage of the good Mr. Parsons, adopted the Presbyterian polity to evade the law. In this church, under the pulpit, are buried all that is mortal of Mr. Parsons, and another worthy, and Rev. George Whitefield. In the company of Rev. J. Spalding, D. D., and Hiram A. Seelye, Esq., I visited this old church. We descended into a cellar, through a trap-door behind the pulpit, and removing a padlock from an upright door, we entered the tomb of the great preacher. The coffin of Whitefield is placed across the other two, and the upper part of the lid opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and by the light of our lamp saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine, who had crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the gospel. The bones are blackened, as though they were charred by fire. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand on the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within throbbed with love to God and man,—when those silent lips, moved by eloquent speech, swayed the people of England from the church-yard in Islington to Kensington Common, from the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire to the Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America. In these days of High Church pantomime, when so many attempts are made to galvanize the dead past, would it not be well to turn our attention to the times of Whitefield and his glorious friend Wesley, to see what was done for the salvation of souls by the faith and power of these divinely inspired servants of Christ? Not by new decorations and scenery,—not by 'can-lbs' and crosses,—not by what Wesley boldly called the 'priests' rage,'—or by 'Anglican Syncs,'—or by means of scripture in unearthy chants,—but by such lives as those of Whitefield and Wesley are the people to be reached and won. I confess that, as an Englishman, I envy America the possession of dear George Whitefield; but perhaps it is appropriate that, while England claims his nest, as captain of the company, astride of dad's blind mare, Old Poll, I marched the boys down to the seat of war, formed in line of battle, and ordered them to pull off their shirts to show their bravery. I handed mine off too, but took exceeding good care to wrap a blanket around me, then told brother Ben, who was very reluctant, to run a stick into the hole to let the hornets know that the enemy was there. About sixteen quarts of hornets stung me, and the balance scattered themselves among the boys. I didn't stay to see how the boys fought, as old Poll took off with me through the woods. Being stark blind she ran over a pile of logs and threw me about forty feet. Stunned by the fall and blinded by the stings of the hornets, I didn't get home till morning, but when I did get there, found dad with old Poll's head tied up to the limb of a tree, and drenching her for the botts."

A Severe Case of Botts.

In East county, Kentucky, lives an old

gentleman named Edmund Wells, com-

monly known among the youngsters, and indeed all other of his acquaintances, who are not a few, as "Uncle Ned."

He has for many years held the office of Coroner of the county, or as he terms

KENTUCKY SENTINEL

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WILL T. HANLY,
AT \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

MOUNT STERLING, KY.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868

Our Paper.

It being an invariable custom for country newspapers to have holiday during Christmas, we will publish no paper next week. The present number, therefore, will close our first volume. One year ago we resumed the publication of the *SENTINEL* under various disadvantages, and with many predictions of failure. Our success has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. From all quarters came support and encouragement. We have endeavored throughout the past year to discharge our duty to the public—to make the *SENTINEL* a family newspaper, and to lay its foundations for usefulness and good. We are conscious of many imperfections, but thankful for the kind greetings and friendly welcomes accorded to our effort. We may be pardoned for saying further that we are placed at the high rank an intelligent public has given our paper among the journals of the land.

We will enter upon the New Year with renewed hope. We will spare no pains and labor to make the *SENTINEL* entertaining and useful, and trust we will merit by our conduct a continuation of the liberal patronage that has been extended to us.

We would especially call up in the citizens of Montgomery to come to our aid and support, and to assist us in building up an enduring basis a paper that will be a source of benefit and pride to our county. Every farmer, mechanic and laborer in the county should subscribe and help us to extend our circulation—Such substantial favors will help them and benefit us.

With many thanks to the people of Montgomery and adjoining counties, and especially to the liberal business men of Mount Sterling for the support they have given us, we solicit for the ensuing year the same friendly aid and encouragement.

A New Way to Carry Elections.

The State of Louisiana cast 74,000 votes for Seymour and Blair. In spite of reconstruction and all its incidents, the Democracy carried the State. The Radicals by a species of political legerdemain invented and patented by them, have rejected 70,000 of the votes so cast, leaving only a small number, 4,000, which is easily outnumbered by the vote of Grant; and so, by virtue of insincerity and arithmetic genies, the electoral vote of Louisiana is to be counted for Grant and Colfax.

Seymour has carried Georgia by over 40,000. The indications are that matters will be so managed as to give this State also to the Radical ligions.

Reid was elected in the Fourth District in Indiana over Julian, yet by counting out the votes of one precinct, Julian has a small majority and has received from the Governor the certificate of election.

In Pennsylvania, the notorious John Covode was beaten by Foster, and by like frauds, Foster has been elected out of his place and Covode declared elected.

This conduct is in keeping with the character of the Republican party. It is but a continuation of the outrages perpetrated by the Farcieth Congress in the cases of Gen. Morgan, John Young Brown and John D. Young. The voice of the people is nothing. No attention is paid to it. Elections are but a farce and had as well be abolished. The Radicals reach for absolute power and scruple at no means to attain it. Why not say at once that Grant carried the electoral vote of all the States? Why not make it unanimous? If he carried Louisiana and Georgia, he also carried Kentucky and New York, and should have their votes.

Smile no party whose hold on power is maintained by the basest fraud, and who stop at no stretch of power and insurrection, can prosper long. The reason and sense and decency of the nation must revolt at such baseness.

Secretary McCulloch estimates that \$15,014,011 will be the amount of the appropriations required for the civil service of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870. To this amount must be added \$139,349,676, for fit rest on the public debt and for appropriations already made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, also for still other appropriations already made \$68,322,803. The total estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1870, the Secretary places at \$302,000,000.

Chief Justice Chase has notified other members of the Supreme Court that no consultation will be had on the Legal-tender case for some time to come. This will prevent any decision on this matter being made at the present time. It is understood no decision will be made until after the holidays.

A statement freely prevails in Washington that Beverly Johnson writes that as soon as the protocol is agreed upon for the settlement of the Alabama claims, he will return to this country to explain its features and urge its ratification by the Senate.

Matrimonial Traffic.

We hold up our hands in holy horror when we recall that the damsels of Creasias with their soft, voluptuous beauty and wealth of personal charms are sold in the slave markets of Turkey. We point with feelings of exultation to our so-called superior civilization and rejoice in our immunity from barbarism, yet we fail to remember that, in our boasted society, men still buy their wives. We have not, it is true, the open markets of Constantinople where fair maidens are disposed of, at so many dollars per head, but worse still veiled under the garb of higher progress, we have a social despotism where matrimony is a traffic, and woman merchandise.

Mustered Out.

An order from Gen. Howard dated the 17th Nov. conveys the welcome intelligence that the Freedmen's Bureau, pursuant to an act of Congress of July 25, 1868, is to be discontinued in all the States, after the 31st of December, except the educational department, and such agents as may be necessary for the collection and payment of claims of negroes who were in the military service of the Government. Forces of the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky one assistant Commissioner and Chief Superintendent of schools will be retained; one disbursing officer for the educational department and the payment of bounties and from one to four assistant superintendents of school in each state.

While this arrangement saves a large number of retainers and simplifies the emoluments and expensive machinery, one vicious and detestable feature remains and that is the establishment and propagation of schools in the States at the expense of the general government. The order of discontinuance provides for continuance of quite a respectable number of officials in the educational department whose business it will be to see that Cuffee is learned in books. It has been well said that while the United States Government is daily persecuted it will be a wise and prudent course to do all we can, with courage and energy, and fidelity, to the best of our knowledge, to establish a system of schools. The schools of the negroes, and if satisfactorily conducted, may be a great blessing to the country, but let us not forget that the negro is a savage, and that the best way to subdue him is to make him a slave.

—D. J. HALL.

Paris, Ky., Dec. 24-1868.

—AND—

Stocks for Shoeing Mules

HAVING fitted up a superior pair of Stock for Shoeing Mules, on the 1st of January, 1868, I am induced to offer them to all who will buy them. In that case, with courage and fidelity, will be conducted, and if satisfactorily conducted, may be a great blessing to the country, but let us not forget that the negro is a savage, and that the best way to subdue him is to make him a slave.

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Paris, Ky., Dec. 24-1868.

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

MJ. J. POWER,

IS now prepared to execute writing in

the style of the most elegant and workmanlike masters.

My services are all exercised in their best style, and satisfaction is guaranteed to all who may give me a chance.

—D. J. HALL.

Paris, Ky., Dec. 24-1868.

—AND—

Façade, Graining AND PAPER HANGING.

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—D. J. HALL.

Paris, Ky., Dec. 24-1868.

—AND—

ROBARDALE.

ROBARDALE, a village in the

Whittlesey Division, and the home of the

United States and British Legations, re-

CELESTE, the residence of the

Attorney General, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

DR. J. L. LAWRENCE, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

—AND—

GROCERS.

GROCERS,

—AND—

Dealers in Produce.

DEALERS IN PRODUCE,

—AND—

MAIN STREET,

MAIN STREET,

—AND—

Chiles & Jones,

Chiles & Jones,

—AND—

Wholesale and Retail

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—AND—

GROCERS.

GROCERS,

—AND—

Dealers in Produce,

DEALERS IN PRODUCE,

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THE SENTINEL.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

Chiles & Jones have all kinds of notions and fireworks for the holidays.—The little people should give them a call.

Last call to those indebted to us to come and pay their accounts at once.

FRANK, GALT & CO.

B. F. Cockrell, Esq., of this county, killed one day last week a pig twelve months old, which netted 280 pounds.

Reese's display of fine jewelry cannot be surpassed in the Western country. Go there for holiday presents.

Mack O'Connell has on hand another lot of the celebrated "Matthews Twist" chewing tobacco. Everybody that uses it pronounces it a flavor one article.

Santa Claus has established his headquarters in this town at Chiles & Jones' grocery. He is desirous of making the acquaintance of the young folks.

Our friend Parris, of the Winchester Democrat, accompanied by his amiable and accomplished wife, attended the grand dedication ball in this place on Friday night last.

Reese has secured the agency for the "National Watch Company," of Elgin, Ill. Their time-keepers are said to be the best. If they were not, Reese wouldn't keep them.

Mrs. Linglin sold on Monday last to Jas. Tuiley, Esq., sixty-five acres of land adjoining the Montgomery distillery, about one mile from this town, at \$117 per acre. No improvements.

Advertisement of F. St. Julien in another column. He has just received direct from the manufacturers in the East, a large stock of solid silver and silver plated ware, suitable for bridal and holiday presents. Give Saint a call.

M. J. Power, the painter, has returned to our town and resumed business. Manie is a number one workman, and his prices are as reasonable as those of any other first-class artist. His shop is under the National Hotel.

The handsomest things we have seen recently are the cups and saucers to match at Hoffman & Co.'s. They are all finely painted, and the beauty of the work is that it will never fade or rub off. They are very appropriate for Christmas or New Year presents.

By far the richest display of holiday goods we have ever seen is now on exhibition at Reese's Jewelry Store on Main Street. His stock of solid silver and silver plated ware would do credit to any city house. His goods are of the latest and most fashionable designs.

Santa Claus in his visit to this town paid our friend Mack O'Connell a call, and left in his possession a large assortment of Christmas tricks. Mack has an endless variety of fire-works and other novelties for Young America and his sister. Remember the children's friend, and give Mack a call when you spend your dimes.

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS GOODS.—Hoffman & Co. have received a handsome line of goods for the holidays. Their stock of China is the most extensive ever offered in this market. They have French China tea sets from \$15 upwards. Persons desiring to make a Christmas or New Year's present can do no better than to give them a call, and buy something useful as well as attractive.

Chiles & Jones will accept our thanks for a pound of excellent chewing tobacco. We can safely assert that they have on hand as fine an assortment of tobacco and cigars as can be found anywhere. Their stock of family groceries is large and fresh, consisting as it does of everything in the line from a box of matches to a hogshead of sugar. Our readers can patronize no more worthy gentlemen than Bous and Henry.

CANED.—J. D. Tiapp, Esq., of Lexington, Grand Master of the independent Order of Old Fellows of Kentucky, was severely caned in this place on Friday evening last. The affair occurred in Hoffman & Co.'s store, and Mr. Tiapp on one side and Messrs. Wm. Hoffman and T. H. Probert on the other side, were the principal actors. The cane used was of ebony, with a beautiful head upon it, and we understand, cost ninety dollars. Bro. Tiapp's conduct while here richly merited the caning, and we were glad to notice that he submitted with very good grace. In the language of "Old Prob," there were no "philanthropic remarks" made.

Our young and handsome friend, Johnny Ramsey, of Owingsville, has on hand at his store in our neighboring town a large and complete stock of hardware, stoves, &c. His stock of builders' hardware is very large. Johnny informs us that he is determined to build up a trade in Bath in his line of business, and in order to do so, he has marked his goods down to the lowest figures. His pleasant manners and address are bound to win him friends. We wish him an abundance of good luck.

R. T. Smith continues to keep all kinds of Coffins and Metallic Burial Cases, and a great variety of lumber.

On the 18th inst. the members of Watson Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., dedicated their new hall in this place. This hall is perhaps one of the finest in the State. It is on Maysville Street, in the third story of the new building recently erected by Messrs. Tenny & Loyd. It is finished in the highest style of art, and furnished with taste and elegance. The chairs, tables, &c., are of the most approved, durable, and exquisite workmanship, and everything about the spacious room reflects the highest credit on those who designed and completed it. The hall is provided with costly chandeliers, and, as we have before announced, is lighted with Phenomenal gas.

The morning of the 18th the solemn and impressive dedicatory services were held in the hall, and it was consecrated with appropriate ceremonies. The Grand Master of the State, J. D. Trapp, was present, and other distinguished visiting brethren. After the dedication, the Brethren, preceded by Sexton's elaborate band, marched in procession to the new Christian Church, where an address on the purposes and aims of Old Fellowship was delivered by Rev. J. W. Venables, of Versailles, and Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The address was full of beautiful thoughts, large benevolence and kindly charity, and was held with marked attention. At its close, B. A. Senter, Esq., presented to the speaker, on behalf of Watson Lodge and Refuge Encampment, a beautiful cane, accompanying the presentation with a happy and well-delivered speech, which was responded to in brief and appropriate terms by the fortunate donee. The service at the Church being over, the brethren returned to their hall, and with many citizens of town and county, partook of a sumptuous and bountiful dinner, prepared by the ladies of the town and vicinity and the friends of the order generally. Every thing was in profusion, and the table duly groaned under the weight of their dainty and well-prepared viands.

The 18th was the 221st anniversary of Watson Lodge, whose condition is as prosperous as the most sanguine could desire. Its numbers are constantly increasing, and its field for good and usefulness extending. May its prosperity continue!

The most unique thing we have seen is the "Cuckoo Clock" at Reese's Jewelry establishment. It is worth more than the price of the clock to hear the Cuckoo sing. Go and see it.

The Dedication Ball.

The dedication ball given by the Old Fellows at their new hall in this place on Friday night last was a most delightful and brilliant affair in every respect. The "sweet memories" of the few brief hours passed will ever ring like silver threads through the web of the time of life. To say that the beauty and chivalry of Montgomery and the adjoining counties were fully represented there, is speaking far too tamely. The scene presented in the ball room was enchantingly beautiful, while from the excellent band—

sonorously swelled the listener's brain. So sweet that joy was almost pain."

Whole troys of fairy tapers, as beautiful as a dream of poetry that may not be written or told," and

"whose airy feet were nimbly fit for the little leaping birds among wing'd wreaths with glee-some grace through the giddy mazes of the dancer. We dare not particularize where all were dancing.

There were winsome maidens' fairer than you can name," and noble matrons "rich in love, full of wisdom, and perfect in the plenitude of beauty." There were forms "worthy the lofty Sophie," and cheeks whose soft changing bloom was like that which—

"The wild throb of fountain gazing roses 'tis the waters."

And eyes

"like the deep blue boundless heavens, Their long fine lashes, dark, like moonbeams, with orb, and live through fire interwoven."

And amid all the scenes that the many voices of voices speaking softly—

"Woms which were sweetly dropted from dewy lips, whose deep magic gave such power."

As music knew not till that hour."

But we shall have to stop, lest we think we are going again.

The supper prepared by the indefatigable Probst, would have done credit to Delmonico. The tables fairly groaned under the weight of the good things. Taking it all in all it was a most delightful entertainment, one of those "nights of un-decaying joy," which form a pleasant resting place for memory in after days—an oasis in the desert of man's existence. May we have many more such.

What could more appropriate for a holiday present than a selection from Reese's rich display of Jewelry and Silver Ware? A gift of this kind would be both useful and attractive.

A man giving his name as John Brown, was arrested in this town on Tuesday night last, having in his possession a forged order for fifty dollars with the name of our county-man Jabez Dooley signed to it. We are told that he confessed the order was a forgery after being arrested.

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When this number of our paper reaches many of our readers Christmas will be at hand. It is on Maysville Street, in the third story of the new building recently erected by Messrs. Tenny & Loyd, for the mounting star of Christmas day presented the wise men of the east to the manger of a stable in Bethlehem, where the prophecy was fulfilled, and the man child, THE CHRIST, was born. The ensuing week witnessed the elevation, and has ever since been held as a season of especial joy and thanksgiving by the church. It was a week of hol-

iday for slaves, and I was observant in our country up to the recent war. It is hard to tell at what period Christmas began to be ushered in by the ringing of bells, firing of guns, and explosion of fireworks.

It is especially a season of joy to the young folks. Then their patron Saint, joyful and fun-loving St. Nicholas, who is also known as Santa Claus and Kris Kringle, visits the earth, and climbing down chimney shafts deposits substantial tokens of his regard and love for children in the waiting stockings. A white way in the realms of childhood is Christmas.

Kind reader, on and all, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year on many returns of the joyous season.

close, B. A. Senter, Esq., presented to the speaker, on behalf of Watson Lodge and Refuge Encampment, a beautiful cane, accompa-

nied with appropriate ceremonies.

Simple, compact, durable and beautiful.

It is quiet, light, running, etc.

Capable of being repaired, etc.

And variety of work

never before attempted upon a Sewing Machine.

Using either Silk, Twine or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility, the very finest and poorest material, as anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attractions for Home, Laundry, Cleaning, Tucking, Quilting, Patching, Binding, etc., are equal to any machine invented and a great deal especially in the stitching.

New boxes of silk, twine, etc., and paper.

For Patching, Quilting, Cleaning, etc.,

have been prepared for enclosing the new Ma-

cines.

A festal hour was at hand, but the exercises were suspended by the arrival of the speaker, on behalf of Watson Lodge and Refuge Encampment, a beautiful cane, accompa-

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Lager Beer.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told by a german who said he had drunk it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was drunk in german, and nobody could understand it. It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly thus.

I believed him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made me feel outworn as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never felt over-worn than I did when I got home that night. My wife thought I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho everything that I had ever eaten in my life was eminently the reverse; and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did they would have come thundering up too.

Oh how sick I was 14 years ago, and I can't state it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If enny man shud tell me that lager beer wuz not intoxicating I shud believe him, but if he shud tell that I wenzn't drunk that night, but that my stummick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over in a few words, just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I wasn't drunk that night, I had same uv the most natural simtins that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I was over two hours on the road, and had a hole busted through each one of my pantaloons neez, and didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell pull, and hiccopped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get on the back side of me; and in setting down on a chair, I didn't wait long enough for it to get exactly under me, when it was going round, and I sat down a little too soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldn't get up soon enuff to take the next one that come along; and that ain't awl; my wife sed I wuz drunk az a beast, and az I said before, I began to spin up things freely.

If Lager beer is not intoxicating it used me mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so; and I am probably the only man living who ever drunk enny when his liver was not plump.

I don't want to say anything agin a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink any more, it will be with my hands tied behind me, and my mouth pried open.

I don't think Lager beer is intoxicating, but if I remember right, I think it tastes to me like a glass of soup suds, that a pickle had been put few soak in.

Nose Bleed.

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the windpipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jaw bone, about two thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line, the left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery and the right nostril by the right artery.

Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way. The Creator probably placed these arteries as they are that they might be controlled.—Those to the back of the head, arms and legs are all arranged very conveniently for being controlled in like manner.

It is a singular fact, observes one of our exchanges, that no President of the United States up to the present time, has had a child born in the White House.—It is understood that the fact will not long exist after the 4th of March.

The State canvassers have closed the canvass of the Electoral ticket in New York. The Democratic majority is 9,963. Democratic vote, 420,857, Republican vote, 410,867.

Returns from all but one county, in Georgia, gives a Democratic majority of

JNO. W. CLAY. ALBERT CLAY

JNO. W. CLAY & SON,

WHOLESALE

Liquor Dealers,

Forwarding & Commission

MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

WOOL, FEATHERS, BACON

And Produce Generally.

MOUNT STERLING, KY.

1,000 Barrels of Whiskey,

—FROM—

1 to 5 Years Old,

Which we will sell in bond or out of bond

Our Stock consists of choice

OLD BOURBON,

In barrels and bottles,

FINE FRENCH BRANDY,

Champagne Wine,

Native Wine,

Ginger Wine,

—AND—

Rectified Whisky,

We will keep on hand a good

SUPPLY OF SALT,

Which we will sell at reasonable prices.

We are prepared to receive all kinds of sugar on the most reasonable terms. Our personal attention will be given to the sale and shipment of all goods consigned to our care.

JOHN W. CLAY & SON.

June 4.

R. G. JEWELLER & CO.,

At the well known house of A. M. Jewellry

50 years standing,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Liquor Dealers,

Forwarding & Com'son Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

Wool, Feathers, Bacon

AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8 & 10, Second Street

(Corner Sutton) MAYSVILLE, KY.

WULD especially call the attention of shippers to our facilities & attention to the Commission and Forwarding Business.

Our Warehouses are

Large, commodious & Fire-Proof.

Charges reasonable, and a saving of from 2 to 10 per cent. of our cost.

Groceries and Liquors

Of every description is complete, and can always

Duplicate Cincinnati Bills

For CASH, or delivered to particular customers. Agents for the Knawha Salt company. Save money and buy salt in Maysville.

Jan. 23.

HARDWARE!

Boots, Shoes and Hats.

Wholesale House

MAYSVILLE, KY.

A LL Goods bought direct from Manufacturer for cash. OUR EXPENSES being so light enables us to sell goods lower than any Jobbing House West.

OWENS & BARKLEY

Jan. 23.

TINWARE!

Having purchased the stock of Tinware,

&c., of Penny, Power & Lloyd, it is our

intention to keep always on hand, in connection with our Hardware Store, a full stock of

TIN, JAPANED & SHEETIRON WARE

Stove Trimmings, &c.

Repairing, Roofing,

Painting, &c.

On Short Notice, and on

REASONABLE TERMS.

We are prepared to supply

COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

With Tinware as cheap as they can buy the same in the cities.

HOFFMAN & CO.

M. C. O'COONELL,
W. L. COOK & CO.
GROCER

AND LIQUOR DEALER,

Courier Court Louisville and Mayfield Street.

Mt. Sterling Ky.

His stock consists of the best choice Stale and Facy.

GROCERIES!

Pure Ceylon and Darjeeling Teas, Wines, Brandies, Gums, Whiskey, Ale,

Tea, Coffee,

Choice Granulated, Powdered, Red, I. White as Yel low.

SUGAR,

Pineapple, Cane, &c.

New Orleans Molasses,

Soda, Star and Standard Carbons, Rice, S.

Pancake, Corn, Peppermint, Spice, Cloves, Nutmeg, Pepper, Atom, in 1000.

OYSTERS AND SARDINES!

Pickled Oysters and Sardines, Pickles, Sauces,

Mustard, Horseradish, Mustard, Mustard,

Mustard, Mustard, Mustard, Mustard,